

CHICKASHA DAILY EXPRESS

EVANS & SMITH
PUBLISHERSGEO. H. EVANS
EDITORBRYCE P. SMITH
MANAGER

OFFICIAL PAPER OF GRADY COUNTY

Entered at the Postoffice at Chickasha, Oklahoma, as second class mail matter

CHICKASHA, OKLAHOMA, SEPTEMBER 11, 1915

SUBSCRIPTIONS RATES:

One year, delivered by carrier	\$4.00
Two months, delivered by carrier	2.40
Three months, delivered by carrier	3.20
One month, delivered by carrier	.80
One week, delivered by carrier	.10
One year, by mail	5.00
Two months, by mail	3.20
Three months, by mail	4.00
Single copy	5¢

CIVILIZATION'S VICTORY.

President Wilson "without raising a sword, without mobilizing a corporal's guard of soldiers, or lifting the anchor of a warship, won for civilization the greatest diplomatic victory of generations," when he German government decided to modify its submarine warfare to meet our demands. In the deliberate opinion of the New York Evening Post, says the Literary Digest, "Almost equally enthusiastic to the president, and similar deductions that the victory is not only American but that of all humanity," the writer continues, "appear in the editorial columns of scores of papers in all sections of the country and representing all shades of political opinion. After the German request for delay on our part following the sinking of the Arabic and the intimations that some of our demands were to be met, the first official notice of a change of front came, it will be remembered, in Ambassador Bernstorff's note of September 1. In this brief communication he informed Secretary Lansing that the American people that Germany's answer to our Louisiana note of July 21, would contain this passage: 'Liners will not be sunk by our submarines without warning and without safety of the lives of non-combatants, provided that the liners do not try to escape or offer resistance.' This policy, he explained, was decided on 'before the Arabic incident occurred. The ambassador's statement, commented Senator Lansing, 'appears to be a recognition of the fundamental principles for which we have contended.' It is an assurance, says the New York Times in a heating editorial, that 'German submarines will not, without warning, launch their torpedoes against passenger ships, whether or not they carry American passengers. It applies to all liners.' Observed in good faith, this means that the crew and passengers merchant ships will not be lawlessly put to death by submarine."

"There will be speculation as to Germany's moves, after prolonged resistance, in making this full concession. It may be said that she accepts the conclusion of Capt. Persius, who declared the other day that submarine warfare was, in the military sense, preposterous; it may be said that the English navy has destroyed so many of her submarines that she finds it necessary to abandon operations in the war zone, and there is apparent confirmation of the report published some days ago that more than fifty German submarines have been destroyed by the British. It is unnecessary to speculate concerning minor motives, however, when the greater and determining motive is plainly in view. Germany yields to President Wilson's firm representations, who promises obedience to law and usage because she is unwilling to forfeit the friendship of this nation."

The situation was full of danger. Germany saw that a rupture of friendly relations with us was imminent. Then we were asked to withhold definite action until we heard from Berlin. We now hear from Berlin, and the message is one of compliance, of friendship, of peace."

UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

If you want to have a "big party," the state of Kansas, through the me-

Get Rid of Scrofula
How? Take S.S.S.Fifty Years' Use Proves S. S. S.
Will Relieve Stubborn Cases

You have noticed the little festering pimples on the face and body—swelling of the glands—soresness in the legs and arm muscles. These are the symptoms of Scrofula. You may have some of these symptoms, possibly the taunt of Scrofula infection. But in either case, it is a dangerous condition. Your blood is infected, impure, and you can never

hope to gain perfect health until the impurities are washed from the system. If you feel badly all the time, you must crave health. If you want to feel renewed spirits, the glow of perfect health, bright eyes, clear skin, the knowledge that you are well, you can do so. Cleanse your blood by taking S. S. S. For fifty years it has been the standard blood purifier. It relieves the trouble by renewing the blood, renewing its strength, and stimulating the flow so that the blood regains its lost vitality, and throws off the poison. Even long-standing cases respond. But you must use S. S. S. Take it for all blood infections. Get it at your druggist's today.

If you need special advice, write the S. S. S. Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Safe Conduct for Money

Without risk or worry you may send sums of any size any distance by
WESTERN UNION

The cost is as little as the time it takes
is short. The protection, perfect.

Fall information at any
Western Union Office.

THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH CO.

and one in which our people generally should manifest an interest. It should convince outsiders that Grady county is one of the best in the state.—Evan Springs Landmark.

JUST A THOUGHT

ERE THE DAY IS GONE

We form our habits slowly. Neither a good habit nor a bad habit can be formed in a day, for a habit like a great cable, is made up of many strands, all united and twisted together. A habit of politeness is the result of many separate acts of courtesy and kindness. The best way to secure ourselves against bad habits is to form good ones. The heart, like rich soil, will not remain idle and inert. It must yield something. What will the harvest be?—Blundell.

A STOLEN SMILE'R TWO.

Consolation.

Visitor—it's a terrible war this young man—a terrible war.

Mike (badly wounded)—Tis that, son—a terrible war. But tis better than no war at all.—Punch.

Heritage.

Tommy I.—That's a top-hole pipe Jerry. Where d'ye get it?

Tommy II.—One of them German Golans tried to take me prisoner an I started it down him.—Vanity Fair.

Perfect Safety.

Minisk Stock Promoter—Where can I hide? The police are coming!

Chief Clerk—Get into the card index case. I dat any one to find anything in there.—Judge.

TO THE PUBLIC.

I feel that I owe the manufacturer of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy a word of gratitude," writes Mrs. T. N. Wetherall,

Gowanda, N. Y. "When I began tak-

ing this medicine I was in great pain

and feeling terribly sick, due to an at-

ack of summer complaint. After tak-

ing a dose of it I had not long to wait

for relief as it benefited me almost im-

mediately." Obtainable everywhere.—Ady.

d&w

Polite Conversation.

Two boys from Germany are at our

home for a year, but Carl has just arrived. He is first and last a scholar. Fritz told him, however, that in learning our language he must not study with a grammar. What he needed, in fact, was to master our colloquial speech. So he began to learn American slang. One morning an exceedingly dignified gentlewoman, long past middle age, asked Carl very politely to pass the salt. Much to her horror and to our delight, he responded stolidly, "Sure Mike!"—New York Evening Post.

THE CLERK GUARANTEED IT.

A customer came into my store the other day and said to one of my clerks, "Have you anything that will cure diarrhea?" and my clerk went and got him a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, and said to him, "If this does not cure you, I will not charge you a cent for it."

So he took it home and came back in a day or two and said he was cured," writes J. H. Berry & Co., Salt Creek, Va. Obtainable everywhere.—Ady.

THE MOMENT'S SPUR

By CLARISSA MACKIE

A dinner motor cars waited at Rose-
wall station for the arrival of the 9:30
train from town.

Marjorie Stone sat at the steering
wheel of her own little runabout waiting
for her father. A train whistled and presently the air vibrated with sound as it passed into the station. Immediately there was a chorus of shouts as a man jumped from the train and ran across the platform.

"Stop him—stop him!"

The fugitive darted around the building, barely huddled himself into the innards of the Stone car and vanished into the bottom.

"Start off anywhere! I'll explain as
soon as we're on the way!" he begged.

For answer Marjorie pulled the
starting lever and the beautiful big
car glided away from the platform just
as the pursuers passed around the building.

In a moment the big machine poised
gently away from the depot and disappeared
around the bend of Bush road.

When they were ten miles from the
station the man raised himself and stepped
over the seat to sit beside Marjorie.

For the first time she took a good look at him and noted that he was young in spite of the gray hair that edged his temples. He was well dressed, but his clothing was covered with dust.

"Why did you save me?" he asked
shyly.

"I believe it was your gray hair,"
confessed Marjorie, with a swift
glance in his direction. "I thought
you were old, and I—I do pity old people."

"I feel old enough today," muttered
the man.

"Are you in trouble?" she asked,
softly.

He nodded. "It seems there was
some trouble in Benton—the large
town beyond here. I was there on
business for my firm when I received a
telegram saying that my father was
dying in Albany. I sprinted for the
railroad station in order to catch the
express. The whole town was out
chasing a bold thief who had been
working in daylight. I crossed his
trail and they thought I was the man.
And I couldn't persuade them to the
contrary. So I shook them off and I
held 'em off with my revolver until
they reached here. I saw you sitting
there and jumped in, and you know
the rest!"

"And you want to go to Albany?"
asked Marjorie without questioning
his statement.

He nodded gravely.

"We are near the Central railway,
which will take you to Poughkeepsie."
she said. "We can reach there
in time for the 7:30—and I do hope
you will reach there in time."

"You are good," he said with deep
feeling.

In a few minutes they drew up at
the Central depot and she watched
him board the train and answered
the wave of his hand with a fluttering
handkerchief until the rear car
disappeared in the woods.

Then she drove swiftly back to the
station to find that her father had
arrived and was waiting. As they
drove home in the twilight she told
him the story of the fugitive and how
she had helped him to escape.

Mr. Stone laughed skeptically and
shook his head.

"Oh, my romantic daughter!" he
teased her.

Marjorie blushed divinely. "If you
had seen his eyes, daddy, you would
never have doubted him," she protested.

The next evening he showed her
the newspaper he had brought from
town. In it was a full account of the
Benton burglary and a picture of the
thief who had been caught.

"Daddy, it's not my passenger!"
cried Marjorie; "so he did tell the
truth after all."

Several weeks later Marjorie waited
once more at Rosewall station for her
father's arrival from town.

When the train came in Mr. Stone
was accompanied by a man whose
form was familiar to Marjorie.

It was her fugitive!

Tawny eyes and violet ones met
in a glad glance and then the man's
hand went out in greeting as Mr.
Stone introduced him.

Marjorie, this is a son of my old
friend, Arthur Gray. Gray died in
Albany a short time ago—and you
will be glad to hear that you helped
young Arthur to reach his father in
time to bid him farewell."

"Thanks to you," said Arthur.

Marjorie said she was glad, and
then she became suddenly very shy,
so that the two men were compelled
to talk to each other as the big car
whirled them toward home.

That was the beginning of many
rides for Marjorie and Arthur Gray,
and with each return of her strange
passenger he appeared to grow
younger.

At last they took one important
ride together, and when they returned
Marjorie wore a magic ring on the
third finger of her left hand, and both
wore a look of unmistakable joy
in their faces.

"Thanks to you," said Arthur.

Marjorie said she was glad, and
then she became suddenly very shy,
so that the two men were compelled
to talk to each other as the big car
whirled them toward home.

That was the beginning of many
rides for Marjorie and Arthur Gray,
and with each return of her strange
passenger he appeared to grow
younger.

At last they took one important
ride together, and when they returned
Marjorie wore a magic ring on the
third finger of her left hand, and both
wore a look of unmistakable joy
in their faces.

"Thanks to you," said Arthur.

Marjorie said she was glad, and
then she became suddenly very shy,
so that the two men were compelled
to talk to each other as the big car
whirled them toward home.

That was the beginning of many
rides for Marjorie and Arthur Gray,
and with each return of her strange
passenger he appeared to grow
younger.

At last they took one important
ride together, and when they returned
Marjorie wore a magic ring on the
third finger of her left hand, and both
wore a look of unmistakable joy
in their faces.

"Thanks to you," said Arthur.

Marjorie said she was glad, and
then she became suddenly very shy,
so that the two men were compelled
to talk to each other as the big car
whirled them toward home.

That was the beginning of many
rides for Marjorie and Arthur Gray,
and with each return of her strange
passenger he appeared to grow
younger.

At last they took one important
ride together, and when they returned
Marjorie wore a magic ring on the
third finger of her left hand, and both
wore a look of unmistakable joy
in their faces.

"Thanks to you," said Arthur.

Marjorie said she was glad, and
then she became suddenly very shy,
so that the two men were compelled
to talk to each other as the big car
whirled them toward home.

That was the beginning of many
rides for Marjorie and Arthur Gray,
and with each return of her strange
passenger he appeared to grow
younger.

At last they took one important
ride together, and when they returned
Marjorie wore a magic ring on the
third finger of her left hand, and both
wore a look of unmistakable joy
in their faces.

"Thanks to you," said Arthur.

Marjorie said she was glad, and
then she became suddenly very shy,
so that the two men were compelled
to talk to each other as the big car
whirled them toward home.

That was the beginning of many
rides for Marjorie and Arthur Gray,
and with each return of her strange
passenger he appeared to grow
younger.

At last they took one important
ride together, and when they returned
Marjorie wore a magic ring on the
third finger of her left hand, and both
wore a look of unmistakable joy
in their faces.

"Thanks to you," said Arthur.

Marjorie said she was glad, and
then she became suddenly very shy,
so that the two men were compelled
to talk to each other as the big car
whirled them toward home.

That was the beginning of many
rides for Marjorie and Arthur Gray,
and with each return of her strange
pass